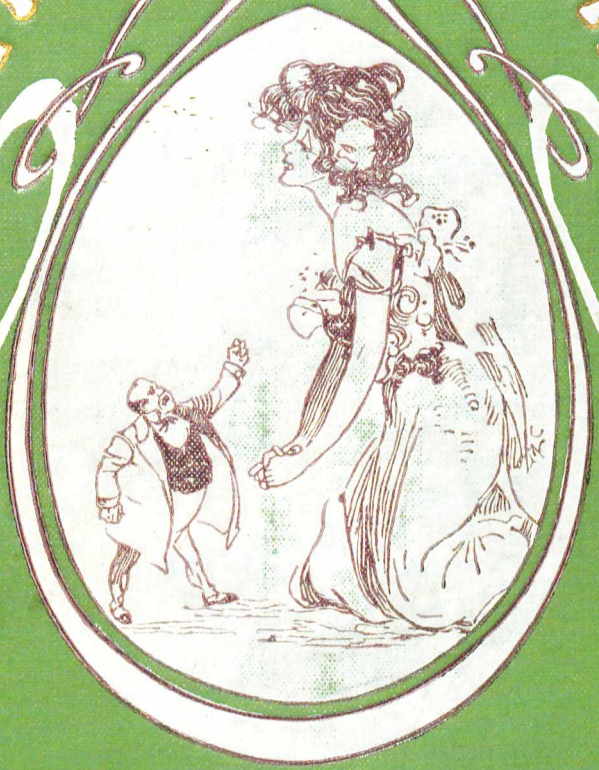
COMPLETED PROVERBS



LISLE de VAUX MATTHEWMAN
CLARE VICTOR DWIGGINS

-M
Lawton
S

M76-1605

"Old Hannu" Lawton

Here is To You
and the Big W. W.
With best wishes
Mattie Silks
1922-42 Market St.

Denver Col mar 27th 1914

CHAMPA 1235

HOME COOKED MEALS 35c

Open Day and Night

The LAWRENCE Street CAFE

CORA OWEN — PROPRIETRESS

SHORT ORDERS & COLD LUNCHES

Served - "As You Like It"

ROOMS:
Permanent and Transient

1914 LAWRENCE ST.
Denver, Colo.

ALWAYS AWAKE

SPECIALTY--CHRONIC DISORDERS AND RUN DOWN CONDITIONS

Pueblo Turkish Baths

MRS. M. C. BOSWELL
PROPRIETOR AND OPERATOR

223 WEST THIRD STREET

ROOM AND BED FREE WITH BATH — PUEBLO, COLORADO

RING UP MAIN 200 AT ANY TIME--WE NEVER CLOSE

OVER

When Out For A Good Time, Stop at

The SALOME CLUB

MISS HELEN ROTH

1909-11 MARKET STREET — DENVER, COLO.

Completed Proverbs

Uniform with
"CRANKISMS"
"BREVITIES"
"WHIMLETS"

By LISLE de VAUX MATTHEWMAN.
Pictured by CLARE VICTOR DWIGGINS.

MCMIV
HENRY T. COATES & CO.
PHILADELPHIA

OCTOBER 19, 1909.

JENNIE ROGERS, OF TENDERLOIN, IS DEAD AT 65

Notorious Demimonde Queen, Passes Away at Mercy Hospital.

Jennie Rogers Fitzgerald, known from coast to coast as Jennie Rogers, and in private life as Leah J. Wood, for twenty-five years the queen of Denver's underworld, whose wealth is estimated at $200,000, of surpassing beauty in her younger days, a woman who made playthings of Pittsburg magnates, is dead at the age of 65.

She passed away Sunday at Mercy hospital and, while her will is made under the name of Leah Wood, local detective agencies who have known her for years, assert that A. T. Fitzgerald, a contractor, is her last husband.

The early career of the woman was full of romance and near tragedies. She was born near Pittsburg and her maiden name was Leah J. Tehme. She worked in the markets and her early life was spent with the Pittsburg husksters. Even while a mere girl she was famous for her beauty and had offers of marriage long before she left the market places.

She first married a doctor and after a short time left him and married a steamboat captain named Rogers. From him she acquired the name that she clung to the rest of her life. Rogers had charge of a boat between Pittsburg and Cincinnati and the "Jennie Rogers," a boat named after her, has been on the river for over a quarter of a century, and is still running between Cincinnati and Pittsburg.

Her next venture was as the housekeeper of the mayor's house at Pittsburg and her installment there created a sensation. She was finally induced to leave.

From the houses of millions she went to the shack of a hack driver, honest and upright. His name was Jack Wood. He died twelve years ago at Omaha. Wood was frugal and with the start in life that Jennie Rogers gave him he acquired much wealth. From him she derived the name Wood.

When Wood died Jennie Rogers went to Chicago and established a fashionable resort and it, too, still bears her name. It was there that she met and married Fitzgerald, a contractor.

Jennie Rogers was uneducated and handsome, but despite her educational handicap, or the lack of it, she had rare business acumen and made many shrewd deals. She leaves real estate in North Denver valued at $25,000 and irrigation bonds worth $50,000.

Her will, under date of October 10, 1909, recites: "I, Leah J. Wood, otherwise known as Jennie Rogers, give and bequeath all my property to my sister, Anna Smith; my niece, Anna Prestole, and my nephew, Marsh Mariner, to be divided equally among them."

Attorney Stanley C. Warner is named executor in the will and Hugh L. Taylor and Margaret Rohan are the witnesses.

PHONE MAIN 3984

MME. FANNY

2120-2122 Market St.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1928

GHOSTS OF BYGONE UNDERWORLD LOSE ONE MORE HAUNT IN DENVER

Filling Station to Be Built on Chinatown Site Where Once Stood Lurid Palace Reigned Over By Queen Jennie.

(By DOROTHY BATTLE.)

Ghosts of Denver's bygone underworld have lost one more haunt.

Wrinkled Chinamen, their expressionless faces masks for memories, peer unblinkingly around the corner of Hop Alley and watch in gloomy silence the workmen as they dig holes in the vacant lot at Twentieth and Market streets. A new automobile filling station will soon stand there.

Years ago the two-story brick structure that occupied that site was an underworld palace. The crumbling building has only recently been torn down. And the mounds the laborers toss up as they excavate are to the Chinamen as the grave of an old friend.

For the last quarter of a century the demolished building has stood like a lookout on the edge of Denver's Chinatown. In its youth it was furnished with gaudy hangings, and oil paintings of women, draped and undraped, surrounded by ornate gilt frames. Huge mirrors reflected multifold images of frequenters. The back of the upper story was occupied by a roof garden and below it was a dancehall. In those days the place glittered with lights and vibrated with music. Gradually its glamour faded and it slumped into decay and dinginess like a courtesan whose beauty has gone.

OLDTIMERS ALONE KNOW WHOLE STORY.

Only the older Chinese and a few other oldtimers know or care about its passing. The Mexicans whose hovels now surround the lot where the building stood knew it only as a lime and cement warehouse.

Jennie Rogers, famous demimonde queen, established the resort. Jennie was known from coast to coast for her beauty and wit. Her remarkable business acumen, which came to light at the time of her death, was not such common knowledge. She died at the age of 65 at Mercy hospital in 1909,

leaving real estate valued at $25,000 and irrigation bonds worth $50,000.

Jennie spent her early girlhood working in the markets of Pittsburgh. Poor and uneducated, her striking beauty attracted the attention of men of wealth, who visited the markets to meet her. Many offered marriage. The intricacies of her marital career are varied and devious. Her first husband was a doctor. Fickle and restless, she left him and her wanderings finally brought her to Denver, where after years as an underworld queen, she died.

REGAL BRUNET MOUNTS TO JENNIE'S THRONE.

After her death, a tall and regal brunet, Fay Stanley, succeeded to the throne. "Fay Stanley's place" was known thruout the western underworld as a meeting place for crooks and denizens of the half-world. Cowboys with clinking spurs and harsh laughter swung past the shuttered windows. Soft-voiced orientals in silken suits padded along beside raucous miners just in from the gold fields and looking for booze and "a good time."

Directly across the street was the Alcazar theater, saloon, beer garden and dancehall. It blazed with light, rattled with tinpan music and swarmed with whisky-soaked, rowdy men and women. Not a few broken hearts hid beneath sleazy garments. Liquor stopped too much thought and dulled the ache of memories.

In those days "Billy" Green, city detective and political "boss" of the Fourth ward, was czar of the tenderloin and terror of the bolder and more vicious crooks. Small and wiry, with a big black mustache and a picturesque flow of invective was "Billy"—and nobody ever "put anything over on him."

ALWAYS TOTED TWO REVOLVERS.

He always "toted" two guns, and sometimes three. One night he was accosted by a couple of enemies who pretended they were p o l i c e m e n. "You're arrested, brother," they growled, clapping heavy hands on "Billy's" shoulder. "Like hell I am," shot back "Billy," wrenching loose and whipping out a revolver. "If you're policemen, I'm a preacher."

One thug jumped on the little fellow's back and the other grabbed him by the throat. The fiery little detective slugged the second with the gun, and jerking loose from the first, drew another revolver from his pocket. This was too much for his assailants. They marched to the police station with "Billy" and his two "gats" bringing up the rear.

Such are the ghosts of old days that dance and cavort before the eyes of the wrinkled Chinamen who stand at the corner of Hop Alley and watch the disappearance of one of the last reminders of a colorful past.

Kathryn Taylor
"GENT'S FURNISHINGS"
712 PALMER AVE.
PHONE GLEN. 112
GLENWOOD SPRINGS
COLORADO

CHAMPA 1235

HOME COOKED
MEALS 35c

Open Day and Night

The LAWRENCE Street
CAFE

CORA OWEN PROPRIETRESS

SHORT ORDERS & COLD LUNCHES

Served - "As You Like It"

ROOMS:
Permanent and Transient

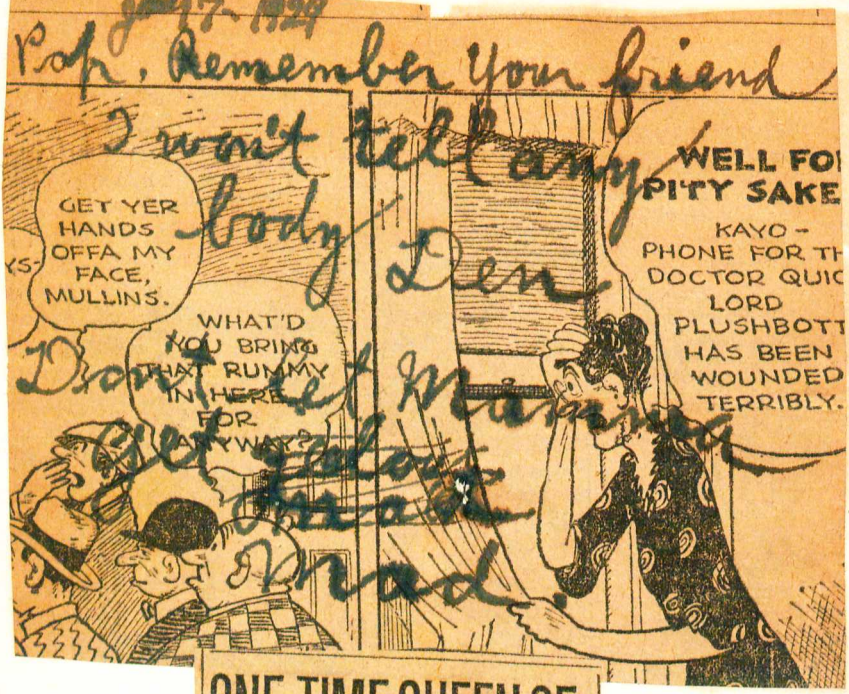
1914 LAWRENCE ST.
Denver, Colo.

All true love is grounded on esteem,
but esteem often rests upon
no foundation.

July 7- 1929

Pop, Remember your friend

I won't tell any body Don't Worry


GET YER HANDS OFFA MY FACE, MULLINS.
WHAT'D YOU BRING THAT RUMMY IN HERE FOR ANYWAY?
WELL FO PITY SAKE
KAYO - PHONE FOR TH DOCTOR QUIC LORD PLUSHBOTT HAS BEEN WOUNDED TERRIBLY.

Don't Married Get Mad

ONE-TIME QUEEN OF NIGHT LIFE BURIED WITHOUT PRAYER

Died January 7 —— 1929

No Music at Quiet Service For Once Colorful Figure.

With only a handful of friends present to pay final tribute, funeral services for Mrs. Mattie Silks Ready, one-time figure in Denver's night life, were held Wednesday at the chapel of the Hofmann mortuary.

In deep contrast to the period of her life when she ruled the old bright-light district, the funeral services were devoid of music, crowds or even a minister of the gospel to read the final sermon.

A few old friends, who remembered days gone by, accompanied the body to Fairmount cemetery, where it was lowered into a grave without even the formality of prayers.

The funeral marked the passing of one of the last picturesque figures of the "wide-open" days in Denver.

Mrs. Ready's will, representing what is left of several fortunes that she accumulated during her colorful career, was filed for probate in the county court Thursday by Stanley C. Warner, public administrator.

The estate is valued at $6,500 and is to be divided equally between her husband, John C. Ready, and an adopted daughter, Mrs. Theresa Thompson of Selah, Wash. The es-

5

No wise man ever wishes to be younger:"

because no wise man ever wishes at all.

If a fellow asks a girl
Thats his business

If a girl asks a fellow
That's her business

If they do business
That's their business

I'm in the "BOOZE" business
That's my business.

12

No one gets into trouble
without his own help,"
but good friends help him
who helps himself.

Everything looks blue,
to the jaundiced eye.

If you want money, go to strangers;
If you want advise, go to your friends;
If you want nothing, go to your relations,

A Priest said to a girl,
For me to sin would be no rarity,
For you to sin would be an act
of charity.

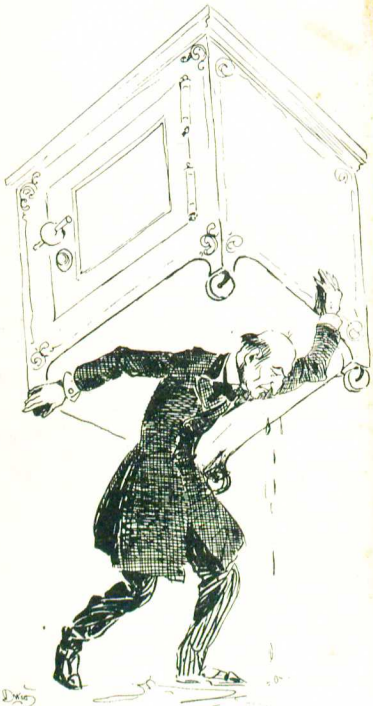
She replied,

For me to sin is no rarity,
I sin for cash and not charity.

They parted good friends.

61

He that doth lend doth lose
his friend,"
which is good and sufficient
reason for much lending.



THE GRANGERS

Have Adopted a Combined Cultivat and Planter as Follows:

1. It goes in full depth.
2. You can ride it if you wish.
3. When properly used the point do not wear off, but becomes harder wh entering the soil.
4. It should not be used too long one time, as the temper will draw and come too soft for use.
5. It plants its seeds deep when t soil is suitable.
6. The planter never becomes clogg when it is in motion.
7. It is adjustable in size and wor so easy that a girl of eighteen can use with pleasure.
8. Warranted to work if properly te ed.
9. It can be used as a churn and fi nishes its own cream.
10. The sack in which the seed is car ed is so nicely fitted that when empti it refills itself in a short time.
11. All grangers in good standing ha adopted them and their wives will n keep house without one on the premise it is impossible to live happy and co tent without one.
12. They will last a life time witho being repaired if used only on the own farm. Rented ground is liable to be fo and corrode the plow and render it un for use.
13. The rules prohibit any member fr running his planter into his neighbo soil without the consent of his wife.
14. The Grand Master will furnish maids and widows with the planter a try it for them; if they don't like it th need not take it.

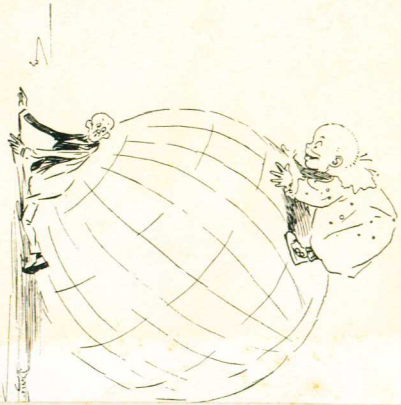
For further information call at

JAKEY'S PLACE

"From saving comes having,"

but not from slaving.

May you live as long as you want to,
And want to as long as you live;
And if I'm asleep when you want to
Just wake me.
And if I don't want to when you want to,
Just make me.



An Ode to The Elk.

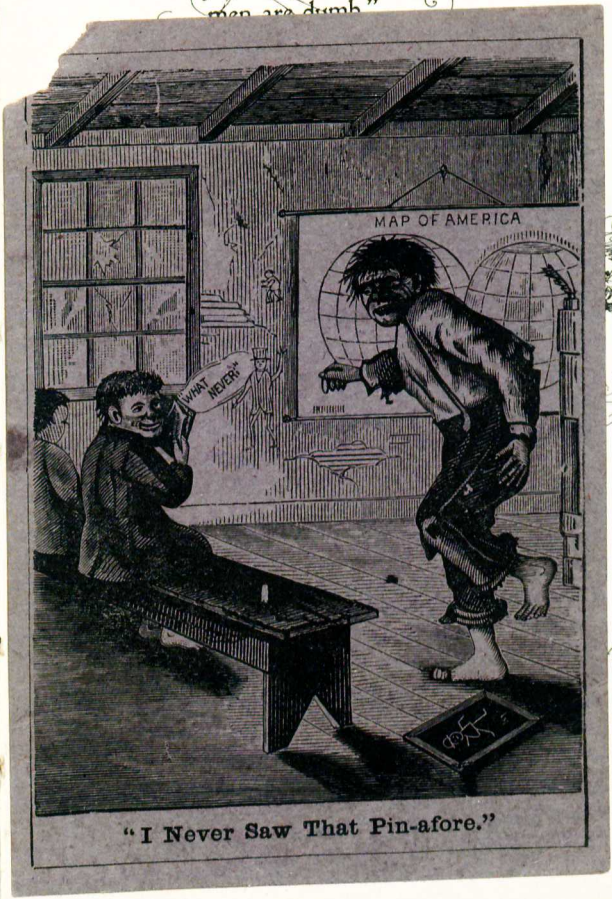
Here's to the Elk, that roams hill and dale,
With plenty of horn, but poorly of tail,
Now who could love this lonely beast,
Where he should have the most, he has the least.

ANSWER:

Here's to the Elk—that lordly beast,
Who has so much, but shows the least,
But be not deceived by the little shown,
There's plenty in reserve of good old solid bone.
Now, this bone will expand, as nature intended
And, believe me, it's a bear when fully distended

"Let a child have its will and
it will not cry,"
but its parents will.

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."



"I Never Saw That Pin-afore."

THE CHRISTENING

WHat is this boy's name ?
It ain't no boy, let go of my
Finger.

butter.' And so it is your churches in [illegible]

99

"Only that which is honestly got is gain,"

the rest is velvet.

DENVER REPUBLICAN

MARCH 25, 1907.

FORMER OPERA SINGER WHO FELL DIES HERE

This afternoon the body of Lillis Lovell, once a grand opera soprano of prominence, and of late years proprietress of the tenderloin resort at 2020 Market street, will be laid in their final resting place. Lillis Lovell, under another name, was at one time prominent in grand opera and concert circles both in this country and abroad, but through some incident in her life which she never chose to divulge even to her intimate associates, she left the stage some 15 or 20 years ago and has since been a figure of the half world here and in other cities throughout the country.

A woman of superior intellectual attainments, Lillis Lovell was much above the ordinary woman of the class to which she descended. She was known in Leadville and Creede, having spent a number of years in both places and had resided in Denver for the last six years. Four years ago she suffered a stroke of paralysis from which she never fully recovered and when stricken with an attack of pneumonia on March 13, she fell an easy victim. Death came last Thursday night.

Lillis Lovell's property is estimated at between $50,000 and $100,000, the disposal of which is not known yet. Her only known relatives are living in McCook, Neb.

Miss Lillis Lovell.

2018-2020 Market Street.

Successor to Jennie Rogers. Denver, Colorado.

PLEADS FOR THE DENVER FALLEN

MARCH 16, 1909.

GIPSY MOVES THOUSANDS TO TEARS FOR WOMAN OF UNDERWORLD.

SAYS MALE FIENDS ADMITTED TO HOME

Evangelist Pours Vials of Scorn on Heads of Men Who Spurn the Magdalen.

The 12,000 people at the auditorium last night shed tears for the "woman of the Tenderloin." Fellow sinners were among the thousands who wept for her but those who wept the hardest were the women who were respectability's representatives in the gathering. And as they wept Gipsy Smith scourged them for their part in making the fallen woman.

"You spurn her, you kick her down a little lower," he shouted scornfully.

"But listen! If your friend who ruined her, if he can dress well, and ride in an automobile and live on Capitol hill, you mothers who take communion, you members of churches, let that fiend into your home, you give him a seat at the table, you let him meet your daughters and play cards with them and dance with them!"

He scourged the churches, too, as he called the Tenderloin the modern pool of Bethesda.

SAYS MEN KEEP FALLEN WOMEN FROM REDEMPTION

"You talk about your fallen women," he said. "Where are the fallen men? I tell you, for every one fallen woman in your tenderloin, you have 20 men in your city who keep them there. And your church-going people are partly to blame. You women who take communion are partly to blame. You never speak to the woman that steps down and try to lead her to purity. You would not invite her to your house for a cup of tea. If you saw her in a store, you'd pass her by without speaking. You would not think of having an hour's chat. There's only one way for that woman and that is the death way.

"There is not a law for the men and another for the women, and you've no right, you men, to spurn a woman in the sunshine and visit her by night. You must learn in strength and power to treat another man's sister as you'd like him to treat yours.

"How many of your churches have closed once in a year to go and hold services in the tenderloin? I wonder. I received a letter a few days ago from a fallen woman which ran something like this: 'There are hundreds of us reading your sermons in the paper, but if we were to give up lives of sin and shame, there'd be no place for us to go. Nobody would have anything to do with us. Society would spurn us. And so we have to stay here to earn our bread and

butter.' And so it is your churches in Denver that make it impossible for these poor fallen women to turn and lead pure lives."

Three Hundred More Accept Christianity

Judging from last night's crowd, the attraction that the evangelist holds for Denver is not dying away any. Again the converts surrendered to his pleadings and more than 300 of them followed the workers into the inquiry rooms to seek the child-like faith, in Christ of the man who had opened their ears to the call.

From John v., 1-9, the evangelist preached his sermon. He said in full:

"Will you please accompany me as I read John v., 1-9?

"When I read this story, I want to ask questions. And I want you to follow me closely and prayerfully. For my message is not a pleasant one to deliver. It will cause me something to deliver it, and the preachers know what I mean when I say that. Sometimes a message that a preacher has to bear tears his own heart to pieces, and nobody knows how much the preacher suffers in the delivery of a faithful message.

"Let me say once more that when I read this story I want to ask questions instantly, and I'll tell you why. Jesus had been to Jerusalem before this visit. This was not his first visit there. He was causing a good deal of excitement. People were talking about him. His word swere startling. His work was arresting. All around there was commotion. Now listen. 'And Jesus went up to Jerusalem, and there is at Jerusalem, by the sheep gate, a pood. A pool. Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay the multitude of the sick—the blind, the halt and the withered.' Why did He come to Jerusalem? Why put Jerusalem and the pool of Bethesda together? Where were the people of Jerusalem? They that were supposed to care for the moral, for the religious, for the physical condition of the people? Where were those who boasted of philanthropy? Where were those who boasted as the leaders of religion in those days? Where were the civic authorities? Surely they knew about the pool of Bethesda. The people who lived in Jerusalem ought to know what is going on down there in that hospital of misery, in that Lazaretto of disease and suffering, in that conglomeration of pain, agony and tears. Surely, surely they knew. Where were the relations of these people? Did nobody care? Where were the people who went to the temple on the Sabbath? Did they not care anything about these poor suffering men, women and children. Did nobody care? Listen. Did these questions ever arise in your mind when you read that story? My brethren, I want to know what the scribes and Pharisees were doing, what the relations were doing, what the priests and Levites—the people who made a big splash of their long prayers, the sacrifices—toward the sufferers at the pool of Bethesda? Did nobody care? Don't you think that a reasonable series of questions to put?

"Who Cares About Your Tenderloin?" He Cries

"Why don't we read that somebody went down to that pool and came back and reported to Jesus and begged Him to come down there and heal the suffering group of people? Ah, me! History repeats itself. Who cares about your 'tenderloin'? For that is the modern pool of Bethesda, and who cares? Somebody's sister, somebody's children, somebody's mother and who cares? Who cares? You talk about fallen women. Where are the fallen men? I tell you, for every fallen woman in your tenderloin you have 20 men in your city who keep them there. And you church-going women are partly to blame. You women who take communion are partly to blame. You never speak to the woman that steps down and try to lead her to purity. You would not invite her to hour youse for a cup of tea. If you saw her in a store, you'd pass by her without speaking. You would not think of having a half-hour's chat. There's only one way out for that woman, and that's the death way. You spurn her, you kick her a little lower down. But listen. If your friend who ruined her, if he can dress well and ride an automobile and live on Capitol hill; you mothers who take communion, you members of churches let that fiend come into your home, give him a seat at your table, you let him meet your daughters and play cards with them, and dance with them. (Applause). Oh, Jesus Christ! Does nobody care?

"There is not a law for the men and another for the women, and you've no right to spurn a woman in the sunshine and visit her by night. You must learn, in strength and power, to treat another man's sister as you'd like him to treat yours. (Applause). And you women and girls who've got any respect for yourselves, don't turn your cheek to the first man that comes along. If you do, he'll know your price. God help you to respect your womanhood! Does nobody care? How many of your churches have closed once in a year to go and hold services in the tenderloin? I wonder. I received a letter a few days ago from a fallen woman, which ran something like this: 'There are hundreds of us reading your sermons in the paper, but if we were to give up our lives of sin

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S

...that shame there'd be no place for us to go. Nobody would have anything to do with us. Society would spurn us. So we must stay here, to earn our bread and butter." And so it is your churches in Denver that make it impossible for these poor fallen women to turn and lead pure lives!

JANUARY 16, 1914.

ERRING GIRL OFFERED SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS

Methodist Delegation Tells Parents of Maiden Led Astray by Elderly Employer That She May Return as Teacher.

Pemberton, N. J., Jan. 16.—If Delilah Bradley, the pretty 18-year-old blonde, who eloped to Mobile, Ala., with her married employer, Joel M. Foster of Browns-Mills-in-the-Pines, will desert him and return to her home in this place, she will be restored to her place of honor in the First Methodist Sunday school.

This was the hopeful news borne to her heartbroken father and mother today by a score of members of the Methodist church, led by the pastor, the Rev. Newton Nelson.

Mrs. Bradley, mother of the missing girl, received the visitors with a quiet dignity that masked the depth of suffering she has undergone in the last two weeks.

"We have every hope," she told the church people, "that Delilah will come back to us. We can't believe that she is embittered, for all our lives have been consecrated to making home happy for her.

"It is very kind of the church people to extend their sympathy in this way. Delilah took so much interest in the young folks of the church, in her Sunday school class and the Epworth league, that I know she will feel more free to return if she hears all these good friends have not deserted her."

Every one of the church people who called had a word to add to the complimentary remarks that have been

paid to the girl's character by her minister and others.

"When I review the little events in our home life in which Lilah figured, the trait in her character that stands out clearest is her trustfulness," remarked her brother Charles.

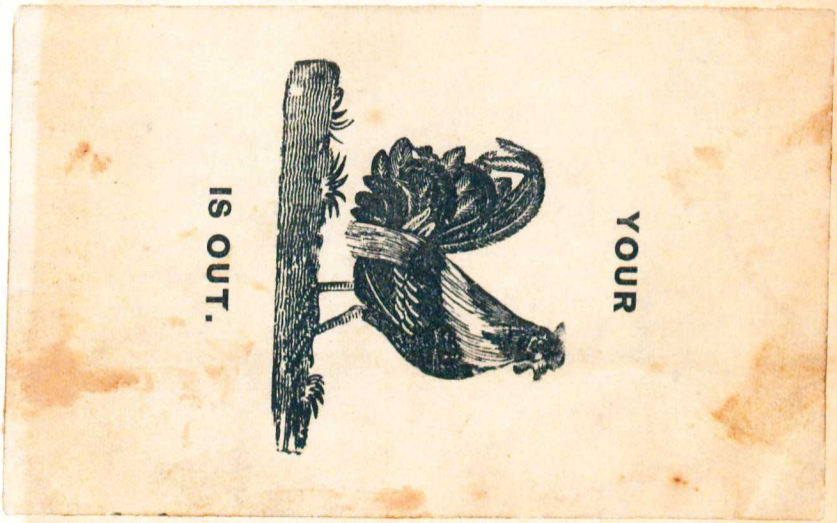
"She believed what was told her; that is, she had an implicit faith in every one's honesty, a sort of girlish innocence that is expressed in the old saying: 'To the pure all things are pure.'

"Imagine, then, if you want to explain to yourself as I have tried to do to myself, how easily led she would be, how naturally she would return one caress with another, seeing nothing sinister in the love of a man twice her age, but regarding it as a new and pleasant experience, the like of which she had read in books."

PHONE MAIN 3984

MME. FANNY

2120-2122 Market St.



THE CRESCENT

MAY BASSETT

PHONE 3683 MAIN

Gents' Furnishing Goods

1923 MARKET STREET DENVER, COLO.

Open all night

The Windsor Baths

Denver June 5th 1888

This is to Certify that Mr Old Farmer Lawton was at The Windsor Baths all night

Dr. Wood,
Superintendent

Denver Colo.

Mar. 25th 1914.

Mr Lawlon

Dear Sir.

The bearer Maud. Royer has a Telegraph money order calling for five dollars. Please cash same and Oblige.

Well Wisher

Verona Baldwin

2020 Market St